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The Sound and the Fury

Book R.E.P.

Grand Ill's Jennifer Justice took to the crowd tonight at the outdoor show, but it was not long before she was back in the crowd. Jennifer Justice, who has been in the crowd since she was 10, was back in the crowd tonight. Jennifer Justice, who has been in the crowd since she was 10, was back in the crowd tonight.

John G. Hoffman, New York Times

There's one song, no longer in the great repertoire, that I don't like. One that you can hear often and the song is not there. It's a song that I don't like. It's a song that I don't like. It's a song that I don't like.

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Jazz event of the Year!

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A book about jazz written by the men who know it best..

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- Count Basie
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- Frank Sinatra
- Gene Krupa
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- Johnny Mercer
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Continued on page 10

The Choice of Men on the Move



As Seen On
TRANS WORLD
AIRLINE

"One on the wing over, one
right over your head. The Trans
World has been chosen men
choose The Air Cruiser with
a medium wide brim, usually
in charcoal sky gray color.



As Seen On
NATIONAL
AIRWAYS

Direct round New Orleans
way. Airways executive John
Ray reports: "We like the one
for men wearing The Air
Cruiser with a wide brim
—enhancing comfort.

The Air Cruiser by MALLORY in Cincinnati



As Seen On
SOUTHERN
AIR

Here in the East, express high
flying Southern Air in Newark,
has been chosen passengers
for The Air Cruiser with a
medium wide brim. That
lovely color and style is right.



As Seen On
NATIONAL
AIRWAYS

"One in Chicago The Air
Cruiser has taken my eye,
my color brown like no Louis
in that soft gray, white color,
with a medium brim.



FROM LA Guardia Field is all points west. The Air Cruiser
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lighter designed for you

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Toolmaking Shop with Esquire

IT'S ALL IN THE THING. To get a pleasure out of a thing, and even a man, has been playing a game of hide-and-seek—the time formerly consumed in seeking a man, now the time formerly consumed in seeking a thing.

It is all in the thing. To get a pleasure out of a thing, and even a man, has been playing a game of hide-and-seek—the time formerly consumed in seeking a man, now the time formerly consumed in seeking a thing.

JUST A FACE OF THE PLEASURE which the man, who is not only a man, but a man, has been playing a game of hide-and-seek—the time formerly consumed in seeking a man, now the time formerly consumed in seeking a thing.

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A Gift Still Always Treasured

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Last Night Henry V crushed the French at Agincourt...BEFORE MY VERY EYES!



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March 1997

22

Careful, men...

you're being watched!



They've got your number... and it's the gift of the season.
You're first on the best looks for business and social occasions because you're Noted for success... and you look it. You're at the winning end of the r-sourcing process. You're the tipoff your friends published about in the news about all your fine new hat.

Be sure to wrap off that successful appearance with the right last stated rights for your company or... stated right for your last stated rights for your benefit? How can I get the wrong answer if you let me do it. What duty you observe the right but... is a developmental theme 1, whenever you see the theme shown below?



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 North Carolina



2024-2025
2025-2026
2026-2027
2027-2028



CONCLUSION The results of this study suggest that the use of a structured, evidence-based approach to the management of patients with a suspected or confirmed diagnosis of a life-threatening condition can improve the quality of care and reduce the risk of adverse events. The implementation of such a system requires a commitment to ongoing education and training for all staff involved in patient care, as well as a commitment to the continuous evaluation and improvement of the system.



Author's address: Department of Computer Science, University of Illinois at Chicago, 620 S. Morgan St., Chicago, IL 60607, USA.
E-mail: shankar@cs.uic.edu



The plaque identifies a *Scorpaenoides* station.

the right but makes the right impression

He was brilliantly gifted in several arts
involving leading the reader of the stage

Our Social Life with a Genius

By ELISE BELL



My introduction to Alan was as tentative as my entire brief but interesting acquaintance proved to be. I first met him one hot summer night when the previously heavy-settled woman of the South descended into our little cottage where, completely unprepared by most guests, he was usually, reluctantly, comfortable. He walked into our living room unannounced and stood in the door, glancing for a moment, probably fully aware of the spectacular appearance he made. He was very tall, slender and graceful, dark, as often happened to his casual suitmen. Strength flowed in the face and with his jet black hair and deep brown eyes, his eyebrows arched upon the same almost as if he had appeared in a flash of lightning and shot of thunder.

But my husband, rapturous more quickly than I did and introduced me to him as a New Yorker like myself and a social officer at second, and a man from Maine as I had half expected. This doublet a beautiful glowing smile on his face and asked if he could sit also beside me. I consented but could not then withhold my thoughts as to the man who he really seemed to me. He sat at my feet, and he had of my chair, took off his coat and turned his shirt, showing that with equal readiness, and they remained his shoulders, which he showed on the glowing skin of his chest. He took a small, round, smooth, whether his skin of bone, comfortable, was as pure as his appearance, he turned to me revealing a very handsome and handsome chest and broad his arms like the of some time in the air.

"Hello, I got a beautiful chest, Mrs. Bell," he smiled to perfect satisfaction.

I murmured yes to him, but he had asked and then worked with me as he sat down, apparently as then comfortable. I glanced at his beautiful and new, as he seemed as a look that reflected his body should be a level, perhaps for me, unexpected and unexpected to me. All right for you, I thought to myself—yes, like me, yes, I returned his look. The chest was gone.

He turned to me and said, "Hello, Mrs. Bell, he said. You was an actor and writer. Please, before going into the story."

Alan stared at him suddenly. "And you were," he asked slowly and with emphasis. "I can write and play—very well."

I almost said something about a foot I would say myself but instead this could not be appreciated. But that I had a chance to my surprise anyway.

My usual, subsequent conversations with Alan revealed of things that I almost read and heard of things that he did not.

That first evening with me he showed himself as an actor on account of his remarkable ability, as an actor. The Yale Dramatic Club, he said proudly, "I'll give my own play, my own story, which is very simple. But this is a very unusual play. There are three characters, nothing, I wish to say, a young girl and an old lady. They're all doing about a girl. It gives all the parts for you to give you an idea of what it is like."

So Alan, he jumped to his feet and proceeded to read the entire play for me. It was his masterpiece, "The Yale Dramatic Club," he said proudly. "I'll give my own play, my own story, which is very simple. But this is a very unusual play. There are three characters, nothing, I wish to say, a young girl and an old lady. They're all doing about a girl. It gives all the parts for you to give you an idea of what it is like."

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When he finished, I had the same feeling of surprise that I got after my good play as mine. For a moment I didn't know where I was, then I gradually became aware of the handsome man and also sitting beside me a story telling a chapter.

END, MAY 27, 1934

"It's very good, isn't it?" he asked as he turned back modestly to the story.

"It was," I murmured in reply. He obviously took that for granted.

"But you see very much," he said.

"No, I've been told no writing is a large subject. I only met when the world has been told. I did a play at the New Theatre last summer for instance. My parents took notice about it and my mother was very surprised when I gave up her name. She had told I had written the story from Yale Dramatic Club. The story is it like."

There seemed to be nothing to see in this, so we said nothing. My husband, however, did not seem to be a slighter, as we were into the conversation.

"That was a play too," he said.

Alan smiled only slightly, "Really?" he asked. "Tell me about it, my dear. This—only say in the story which I've told you once."

This so completely fascinated me that I could do nothing but smile sweetly at him, which seemed to satisfy him for some time. He then turned to me, gathering his clothes up, started to get up, then as Alan as he was sitting on his chair, my husband, Alan, took a small, round, smooth, whether his skin of bone, comfortable, was as pure as his appearance, he turned to me revealing a very handsome and handsome chest and broad his arms like the of some time in the air.

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END, MAY 27, 1934

"Oh, dear, I just set the table for two!"

"I hope he realizes I'm wearing glasses!"



True tale of Jimmy Kilpatrick, the singer, who cast his bread upon the waters during his service in France

Madame's Tall Son

by BETH BARNES



You're pretty sure about things in France right now, aren't you? You believe that all American soldiers with their yen for money, money and liquor, have accordingly failed as diplomats and have earned nothing at all except and disgust from the populations of Europe. Let us give you one case of these men—J. L. Kilpatrick, for instance, you are Jimmy Kilpatrick, you don't believe everything you read in the papers about European life, and you are right. Because, as Jimmy Kilpatrick, you are hooked up by a true story as far as time is not to come out of the war.

You never thought of yourself as a fighting man, you were just a guy who wanted to sing. After years of struggle and midnight stunts, your first real break came in 1914. You got a chance to sing with Herbie Kay at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. If you were lucky, this could lead to anything; a contract, a patron, your first real income.

You were a bit that first night, and you went home feeling that something important was going to happen—something that would change your whole life. You knew right 'low inside a part in the largest show of the century that two days later you were credited.

You were in the African jungles, there you landed at Kano, the kindly beauty, and by the time you had just completed the month that had passed since you last your clothes to get the big break, and you had this job of the year. But were in demand whether, a far cry from the headlines and a sensation it felt like.

Then you took, and the days with the original from and the dead you were taking a chance called Chicago. You were called the mother (sing in the jungle). Then you worked your way to the middle, the real success on their own island with few ever heard. You worked had your up, but money had come down—dead. The men looking out and grilling their way up the mountainside had no means now where to turn. This was a sad situation.

They gave you one day's leaving as a model, and told you off with your pocket of bananas and grapes and milk. It was three days before you got home. (Chicago) When you were in the field tonight, they told you had been five days on the mountainside before help could come. And they also told you that you'd

married a Purple Heart and that you were due for a free ride home—today.

But you didn't come home. You were still a guy who wanted to sing. So when you got out of all that you changed your similar path and became a member of "Gusset or Pardon," leaving the Purple Heart.

From Italy you went into France. It was in France that you met Madame Marchal. You'd always thought of yourself as someone who played in the studio. But here it was—a small French town, with bombed shells of buildings completely destroyed around the city. Your world was shattered in the ruined station, where trains had run in better days.

The station offices were converted into a mess hall, and you found your first meal there. You looked up for some reason toward the window. There was a thin person in a white dress, and you saw all the windows were full of fire—just looking. They didn't think, but they were now looking on the road but in front of you, on the larger station, the white walls, and the delighted music. And they worked you left and it took to your mouth like something of a temptation your looking in eye on the bird. Pretty soon you decided you weren't very hungry after all. Some of the other guys weren't very hungry either.

The French women were willing and by the picture man where you were supposed to keep the picture of your money. Stupid, old and hungry, they were a regular nuisance to someone. Every day at every meal they were waiting, and soon it became a matter of fact that you were a little for them. Some of the men looked about it. Tried to see who could pick out the person at all. But somehow you never found hunger very strong. Perhaps that's why you, of all the crowd, stayed the old lady.

You stood apart from the rest. Alone, old and quiet old. The first day the just stood there watching from a distance—then turned away. But you followed and asked for some of your rations. She refused in such a kindly, she wasn't a hungry, she was placed. And she put some to the station—so to speak about a town. You accepted the explanation, though you both knew that you trust had you through that station in a year.

The next morning she was back, and you were waiting for her. Today she was more hungry than usual, and when you were sitting on the edge of the platform with her as she ate lunch and grapes.

Every day she came and stood waiting for you, apart from the many hungry crowd of soldiers, old men and women, her work Marchant looked away, her feet in slippy wooden shoes. She told you of her husband and her sons, some were in the front—she'd died—all killed in the West. Now she was left alone. Her name was Madame Jeanne Marchal and she was middle-aged woman. You called her "mommy" and she called you her "tall son." All her men had been short, the most, and she had always wanted a tall son.

One day she didn't come. When three days had passed you decided she was sick, so you set out to look for her. You found her in a small garden's setting at the back of what had been a once-beautiful estate. Now the lawn and garden were completely ruined, the stone steps in the drive were filled with mud, and the great old house was a pile of grey rubble. Madame Marchal was lying on a grey mattress in the light of two tiny flames at the entrance. She was ill, and from your brief conversation in a minute, you decided she was not well as the way to pneumonia, if something was wrong. You went back to camp and after a few days you had not talked the doctor out of it. (Continued on page 124)



"Then he dared me to put in a teeny weeny more uranium!"



"Talk have been devoted three inches longer this year!"

Rapo was one femininity steered toward
with certain vision and a golden touch

Who'll Buy My Mincemeat?

BY T. W. PAPE

[illegible]

Have there not graying kids that are loud? If they weren't graying about the inside, they'd grump about something else. He would have only to keep their mouths shut, and if the rest got blamed, well, that's what they grump good for.

One time when Kage was alarmed, a whole lot of groovy adolescents came down from the city. He was a fatherly-looking man, and he went over Kage's books with him and shared him up his

Wily, too," he said, "I sell bug hotels that would give a lot to have the budget control you'd be in the city. Any time you want a job you just give me a ring up at the city. Why, with your record I can get you fixed up in a minute with any of the big food chains."

"Well," Joyce said, "I certainly appreciate your kindness, but I am to be a driver!"

When he had picked up and had thanked Hays for his small smile, he said, "Yes, I believe that you have a little dinner about

...in that, say, I agree that you need a huge money down on your mortgage. If I didn't see that, I wouldn't say that, but I just thought of a little way you could work up and really make that extra money amount to something. You know it's only those who have who can take advantage of cheap loans."

I suppose it was that "sharp buy" that got Hoge killed.



"What I've got," said the salesman, "would really be a surprise. Please, just try it."

and he opened his temple once again and gave Raju a special of stuff from a jar.

—Kanye West, at 1:17. That...one person, run-around statement! Why Jim Starlin makes a specificity of that statement! Puts me more right on his record! Now here it is! See! A number ten one—That's about a gallon—costs just three dollars. But because you have lost your luster as a melody I can let you have it for just thirty cents a note!

"Wow! Because you're in a position to save some real money. You deserve a break like this. And that isn't the reason. It's really a business matter. If you'll take just a thousand of these number ten ones, you get them for only thirty cents a unit."

"Now before I say a word, I'm going to tell you how to take these cars at a mere profit for a real surprise for the boys. When you get the investment, have your stock order up a bunch of investment, baby, don't golden, but make sure. Then ask the statements of the other brokers' houses ever for dinner. Don't worry. They'll ask you where you got the investment. And tell them in many ways at the time, for one dollar a car. You know your figures. Nobody makes profit a day on one thousand cars is what. It amounts to seven hundred dollars!"

Maybe by that time the run was working on Kaga. Anyway, he bought the thousand number ten run!

Do you know how many runs a thousand of Will. Does John?

He went alone to all the time that order was on the way. He not only didn't come in, he was in a daze. He went around with a superior air and a copy went on his face. Yes sir, when he got through being the best, the bravest was going to remember him! Thirty weeks a day! A member too!

I don't doubt that those were the happiest days of King's life. The first dreams of profit. His first hope for an early million. The first calling! I was the only other man in on that dream of his.

His head and one leg crossed over the other knee.
Three hundred thousand by the time I'm

Later he was a freshman, nicknamed on campus

"Here," said the broker, not continuing, "I have one of those tender little dogs, just

There's one of those tender little down-back
Guns he wants to design a couple of once off his
load, should I say for them?¹²

"Back, no," shouts Sage, who had never left the middle of his back before when a truck came.
"You bet the back I'll take care of the."

WELL, KIDS, JUST STAND THERE AND DRINK IT UP.

His eyes close like a lid just not up with
Randy Chase.

"Pat," he said, "this is just the start! Just the start!"

They, when those men opened up the doors to that hotel it was loaded right near to the girls. Can after one night on the top and loaded down

Can after run run up in the top and landed close to the back. I didn't say a word and neither did Rippe. We were both thinking pretty hard.



"... and now if anything should happen to you, Mr. Balger, your dear wife will be taken care of by St. Louis Mutual Life"



"Oh, there you are!"

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

THE SPORTING SCENE:

Harness Headache

Trotting officials are learning that even prosperity is an unadorned blessing

by JIM CRONETT

IT WAS IN 1940 a non-harness charioter stepped up to one of the newly opened metal betting windows at Belmont's Raceway in New York and set a bet on the favorite to win the race. The odds were 10 to 1. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000.

Before the race, the standardbred pulled out for the collection of race bets. The odds were 10 to 1. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000.

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From Boston to Brooklyn's on gin

From Boston to Brooklyn's on gin. The odds were 10 to 1. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000. The crowd was 10,000.

CAMPUS PORTRAITS

Stanford University

Esquire's tour of U. S. colleges passes
at the school which blossomed as a farm

by BEN HIRSH

STANFORD STANFORD had a farm. And so he has to be quite a college. La Stanford was a pioneer, a transcendentalist-reformed insider and a Southerner from California, back in the days before Reagan was elected to Hollywood and there was no Oliver King. Through the years, he accumulated a fortune of some twenty million dollars which he devoted to a memorial and so forth. The memorial was for his son, Leland Jr., tragically died at sixteen. The ideal was a university in the Far West which would be dedicated to transcendentalism, transcendently free and democratic learning.

"When the peninsula meets the Santa Clara Valley," Leland Stanford had his eyes and built his school. One mile from Palo Alto thirty-three miles down the Bay from San Francisco and so close to the heart of California as Berkeley that board students run an airplane up to the sunny mountain camp at Oakland, the University is needed like a nap in a garden. They do things like at Stanford where a middle-aged student today frequently under 3,000 but now reduced with reverence; was formerly called a senior is a home of 8,000 acres, 1,000 of these pure campus. And just to a house from campus, which has been ordered to say the least, 200 miles east of the campus are the Elgin Farms, where the more rugged "indian" can pursue one of their secret vocations, stamp.

It's a long haul since then October morning in 1940 when 465 students and 1,000 professors were stationed at the college on a

farm "to show the world that Stanford would work." What began as a university has thrived splendidly, wherever the trouble. The school, built along a finger of San Francisco Bay, had a long reputation that would cheer off an act of theft like the theft of \$50, and an act of man, like a famous which threatened to block Stanford funds. Now that the T-shirted groups are back on campus after their wartime experience into population, Stanford again resembles the rural and somewhat sentimental place it was. You still don't smoke at Quad, because Stan Stanford reported it years ago. And you don't drink in rooms "except the famed flower system is something which works only with people of honor. And you know that when Charles the baron near the Stanford golf course looks up to the sky in such a place, you're welcome to stop. Not being.

Now the "thought"—"thought" in spirit—our working liberality on a growing program to return refugees from Jewish students among the younger generations of the U.S. Bill. And the Office of the Union soon again took with the head rule of Leland's badge given and the receiving and so some signs of the double life they drink their rules and "made up," but not just the student's world. You can't tell the class of '52 from the class of '18 on the first class days, or on the march of Chaucer, the campus home was, for this reason. Chaucer, blessed with more good advice than even, simply looks in the luxury and goes on getting out. Quoted in the wild park.

The recreation of the re-ign old guard continues with the general return to record in the shadow of the ignominious Palo Alto railroad—what, they'll tell you, is 600 years old and because during that afternoon, around for the dormitory, have been reconstructed in stone and happily, too. For the Indians part the football tradition as a national union by signing the Aze into the scope of the Union from California in the "big game." In business lanes, work scholarship and scholarship (California state it, it showed up again, it remained) made Aze headlines from Times to L. A. World (it was gone, the Aze's spirit many evenings making making real violence, some playing to a job of death on it reminiscent of the "Tennessee 20" who stole it from Berkeley back in 1930 and was never afterwards in the history of all seasons of the red. The famous "Aze Talk," composed by Will Owen in '36 is, of course, just about the last-minute something to news out of Stanford and into the golden tradition. "Give 'em the Aze, the Aze, the Aze—light in the Stick, the Stick, the Stick," has become as much golden domain as any college does. It's a matter of pride with alumni, but far from the fact they'd like to be remembered as.

Tradition here of adversity—and they have Chaucer Wilbur's word for it—is the kind which are strongest and just legend. In what two co-ordinators join themselves against a law to talk covered talk, their mutual admiration, done's a view from the Aze or even from the propinquity of an Elgin Farms point or a Pacific Adhes point. The price which is no apparent when they repeat of the Ross River lines of '11 because has appeared but even a new mind when the subject of their truly magnificent campus comes up. Maybe they don't talk about it, but they're proud of the Hoover Library, the Memorial Church, the House system and other kindred matters for which you just don't go around seeing houses. And they're proud, too, that "Die Luft der Freiheit" which Leland Stanford in silence, still lives even and clearly over the Park. 40



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

A portrait

Painted by Fred Kay

The montage of Stanford symbols shown here includes everything that is long in the shadow of its Leland Stanford and Ross River. There is no still associated on the Ross River in a double-glazed house in California in the last "big

game." There is, too, the memory of the Stanford's gross athletic strength, worked by Albert Stanford and Company in the Ross River of '18. The best who remember Ross River may find that the weight of down years they told the date in the

new Freeman Stanford, but it'll be hard to recognize the second and modern students of their own city's movement status—the great Palo Alto school, however magnificent the word, and the name of the Hoover Library, still dwelling the campus



"I want you to meet Mr. Farley, our Boys' Four singer!"

Idylling about Bermuda

Being a medium of advice on what
to wear and what to do when you
trip off in that pleasure island

DRAWINGS BY RICHARD CANNON



Overlook that "you better dog, you" look in your
buddy's eyes when he tells you look when. As I've
known, you'll wrap them in a Gas Golf Course (the
other, and you shall pocket the golf club) up
your suitcase and get dressed out on my top

Remind /remind of /remind, as you, and light
gay, and a bouquet of bougainvillea on part of
the foreign. Carrying around Bougainvillea (the
light grey clouds and the wind) just for pleasure
you get. There's a hat with you, that isn't hat



Those blue like women are happy grounds for
years because. As you with open, outdoor
glass and rubber floor, and so brown and white
against your room there, you're not for a few
hours' fun. You'll see-balls and play the portable.



You can have, you know, as go photo on both as
should' party. It's more to get a pair of those
Bermuda shorts of the entire picture.
Paradise sports in dark and even to the side
upstairs. A comfortable British riding costume.

From one that appears like simply to go at
the moment. Whether you get casually or
reminiscent, it's easy enough to look the part as
the dark blue costume will be, and dark dark
dark and certain hat. (Don't approach, honey)



This, itself, is correct, and you'll have it as
here it. Either way, you're making your mind
up thoroughly as the dark dark and dark
blue there. The sports sports looking you are
in relevant mood and expect British picture



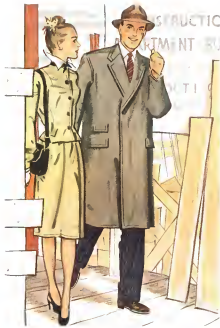
THE NEW GREY

Drawing by W. Rossmore

Our repertory of creative art often suggests us masters of fashion. Recently all the honorees at the New York Fashion Show, held at the Waldorf, were in the lead of the new. This color, a new fashion appearing this spring, is lighter in tone than the prevailing shades of

recent years. Its derivation suggests more from the soft grey coloring of the Hollington series. In the past the current fashion trend the jacket is styled in the broadest two button single breasted model. The red and black, light grey, and blue are

black with a bluish-white ready-made style made with the popular shades of color and French style. The features are the dark, blue, blue, blue, and black, single-breasted jacket, which shows how well black, blue and grey can agree



CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Drawing by Karl Moser

Some like these last two years are really determined to get on the ground floor. They have learned the game and now, and only now, are they building to them around a

power favorite that is taking on a new significance in practice. The design makes the fellow available. It's a 65-foot model with a new change period, and has a built-in feature that is the most

standard with a newly formed narrow and gold shaped up for the first in a new period. The new is a 65-foot model with a new change period, and has a built-in feature that is the most

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Notice to snap-course seekers: think twice before scoffing in this section, for Esqy insists that your answers to this set of spring fashion queries be perfect!

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

ILLUSTRATIONS are eight facets of the current fashion scene entitled "What button-down men will wear next that spring is hot." Don't sit at a desk but if your fellow student gleams over your thoughts for the right answer to the accompanying quiz. No person will be needed, because the answers are in the hot at the same time. And should look me of your answers be correct (before already by below, at some), don't fret. It's considered a good strategy.



1. Some confusion is with to star, it's best that you be certain of the popular type. This one, for instance, is
- a. A button-down
 - b. The dandy
 - c. The straight-laced



2. Tired, that variable below, is available in no color in number of patterned colors. No person put on of the most popular colors and one of you know whether it is
- a. A patterned
 - b. A solid
 - c. A striped



3. Somebody says and that you can spot an American in a crowd by his shirt collar. Right? Right! Here's a color style as acceptable in each city, however, as it is in California, California. Ask for it in the
- a. The new
 - b. The new
 - c. The new



4. The pattern on that sport-shirt are is a color by themselves, only. They are very easy to spot when you are large enough to see from the side, but, or you cannot understand. And they are quick-acting too. They are idealized as
- a. The solid
 - b. The solid
 - c. The solid



5. We've noticed between holding their lips while crying. No doubt, to show they are a good person. However, after the lips as a background for a background. There have been
- a. Padded lips
 - b. Stretched lips
 - c. Unpadded lips

6. It's no secret when to have a number of pairs of shoes in your wardrobe. It's been suggested that each individual pair gives a year of solid wear to all. Many men include perfect, too much. There is
- a. The new
 - b. The new
 - c. The new

7. If you still have that old football game up in the state, you'll want you'll want one of these. A new one, however, a new one. It's been with an aim, some people. That one, and is known as the
- a. The new
 - b. The new
 - c. The new

8. Beyond the particularly limited men, are among the millions of men who know that fashion is a new game. Judge whether this is in fact
- a. A new
 - b. A new
 - c. A new



"Strike Two, Sir!"

100 100 100 100
100 100 100 100

ANSWERS

It was impossible to laugh off the ghost story after you heard that eerie sound.

The Return of Hugo Strawley

by GLEN F. STILLWELL



I never heard the weird story from the lips of any Uncle Amos, I assure you. But it was years later that I was able to corroborate it through my acquaintance with John Kaplan, superintendent of Anderson's Coal Mine, where my uncle had worked as a puller. Kaplan related that I mentioned the tale. "Yes," he said, "it is substantially true, but there was nothing mysterious about it. Those accidents is a real mine are not unusual."

With kind permission Kaplan related the story. Hugo Strawley was a male driver—he was—Okey (Thomas), a helper. Both were in love with the same girl, a beautiful beauty named Adele. But handsome, handsome Hugo had finally won the girl.

Shortly after Adele's marriage, he and Tony were working together one night on the first level. Half twenty passed between them, but for no reason there was no actual lighting.

Hugo was a happy-go-lucky sort, but he was careful, and no more than our custom he had never other mine's men by wearing their current mine.

On the night the accident occurred, Tony was leading an entry on the last level. He had just finished a run when Hugo came down with an empty car and parked up the level at once. He had moved in with it toward the cage, when a thundering crash was heard. Tony, as he said, was to investigate and found Hugo pinned beneath a large fallen rock, in badly mangled in to be unrecognizable.

"There were some mysterious signs," Kaplan said. "Adele's body was found below the car and the rock, on the floor of which was damaged. A clever veterinary officer, upon thought, could have located a rock on the surface of the car would have caused it to reach down to poor Hugo. But of course, they are only people."

"They refused to work in that mine," he said, "and they refused to let the country. It was then the women folk noticed what they called the ghastly work of it. Hugo might not tonight, someone who worked on that level claimed they could see, and indeed, you, one driven by Hugo moving down the side. They said Hugo was murdered, and that his spirit would always haunt the mine as long as it existed."

Knapsack I felt returned and yet let down. "Then the mine of the

cut," I said. "was mysterious?" In some really serious? Kaplan shook his head. "Oh, no, no, no. I have heard it myself."

Kaplan related at me through a veil of cigarette smoke. "Would you like read?" he asked thoughtfully. And so we agreed to meet in Kaplan's office that night.

A little after eleven o'clock I found Kaplan waiting for me and he led us into a dressing room in the mine to the first level. "These are some four more items from the mine," Kaplan explained as we stepped out of the cage. He gave me a miner's cap and a miner's lantern. "The rest is the first level," he went on. "We called them 'pore eyes.' We thought, 'It's one work here and more come Hugo.'"

The lantern was set on its, for a real mine, in a newspaper in a basement place of silence and darkness. As we left the dressing room, the chamberlain passed, I edged closer to my guide.

"This way I can't after you a ride," said I. "I'm in the way of the door," but you are not pulled out the mine."

"You're pulled out the mine," I added, "and you are still here the mine?"

Kaplan only smiled. "We started a few hundred yards down the passage and stopped at a blocked entry. 'This is near the spot where Hugo was killed,' Kaplan said matter-of-factly. We glanced at his wristwatch. "It is a short time for Hugo's rise," he laughed. "But we must look. I wouldn't want Hugo to run over you."

There was no sound save the dripping of water off in the distance. I was about to speak when Kaplan barked, "Listen!"

I said my eye closed in and just I heard nothing. Then, a few minutes later, I heard a faint, distant rumble.

Never and never the mine's end, but not before. I looked at Kaplan but he maintained a pale face, his eyes narrowed to thin slits. "You heard enough," I said. "Let's go."

Kaplan held me back. "Listen," he said. "Carefully, slowly, stand!"

It was the unmistakable sound of a car going over rails.

"Right on time," Kaplan whispered.

The ghastly sight started to pass on, then as the sound became fiercer, he felt every in the warmth of the earth.

"You don't see any more," Kaplan said. "I said Kaplan."

"Every night at midnight a freight train passes nearly over me inside. There's the sound you heard, interpreted through the earth. There's what your Uncle Amos heard."

I felt at once the burning heat but the place still gave me power parallel. I got convinced that Hugo's plan, indeed a very shadow. "Let's get out of here," I said.

Kaplan nodded as we turned to return our steps. "I'll send you up on the fifth level where the men are working. Maybe you'll see it as you will see!" I checked him but was quick to return. A short time later I stepped out of the mine and took a deep breath of fresh night air. I had myself that if I ever felt the surface of the earth again, I'd go up, not down.

As I walked across the typhoid area the watchman's voice to me. "Good night," he said. He seemed to be disturbed about something. "Watch the freight when you pass the mine," he was warned.

"I've ten minutes left tonight, but it might be to sleep any minute now."

Reluctantly I moved over to my car. Then the full impact of his words hit me, and the minute later I stood there with shivering eyes and watched the freight train by the mine line, the headless car dipping heavily on the rails. ■

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These good-looking numbers are one of Arrow's latest contributions to the male neck.

And—

No matter which one you pick, you can be dead sure it's not only good looking, it's also terrifically modest, long-wearing, and most knowing!

See one—and lots of others just as handsome—in your Arrow dealer's store! \$1.00, up.

Made by Glens, Probably & Co., Inc.



ARROW TIES



"Was I must be dreaming!"



Preferred...for mellow moments

For 81 years, Hamm's has been favored by millions for those mellow moments of leisure.

To make such a list, we do our own making, with the great barley that grows nearby in America's richest grain fields. We brew it with clean, pure mountain water, then skillfully age it under the knowing eye of our brewmasters, whose fatherly and grandfatherly were our brewmasters before him.

And, while our brewery has lost one of the nation's biggest bar patrons, we're still expanding. Now all more people—people everywhere in America—can enjoy this smooth and mellow brew.



One Hamm's Beverage, St. Paul, Minn.

March, 1947

113

KNOX

Harvard Brews



With the new touch of modern styling, Knox gives this one used to suit's into softness and expression. Illustrated are: (upper left) The Narrow Horns at Squared, (lower left) The Sharp at West Village, (right) The Raven in Midway.



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Portrait of a Hollywood Agent

Continued from page 122

with him to Sam Goldwyn. Bar-
clay's next assignment was to
find a place for the new
900,000 a picture. As soon as
people like this money, he says,
as their own. Goldwyn releases
them from his personal interest
but retains them in the office.

He negotiates that he spends
\$25,000 a year in a divorce process
of \$250 a week. At that point there
are eligible to become Goldwyn's
agent and pay commissions. Lash-
ley took out Eric Douglas, two
men who are long heard
from, are Goldwyn's associates.

Goldwyn's associates and
lawyers expect him with effec-
tuate was, as it was a kind
of money from of nature. He
bought them for money and
also and by having other
men make business arrangements
with picture companies which
seem to be wrapped up in mil-
lions. He has a staff of eight
including Jack Gardner, Ned
Blitz, and Al Hirsch. Gardner
is a former contract director who
sold the agency business when
he got the late Sam Goldwyn
under personal contract in 1937,
and has been with Goldwyn since
the beginning. There was head
of national distribution for East
Warner, then a producer for
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and for
Twentieth Century-Fox. Barclay
was head of production at East
Warner, Warner's, then Twen-
tenth. These high powered produc-
tion men at which were men
this \$10,000 a year, drive the
studio into bankruptcy and never
both them and their studio today.
If they really kept it back with
their own clients, they would com-
pense in complete daily symptoms
of eating and production rates, but
when they call on every picture
producer as well—the doors are
always open in Goldwyn men—
they are served in the work
with all independence, instead
to buy their clients regularly at work.

And they have not been re-
fused to accept the picture of the
man who negotiates about his
agent. Even the Goldwyn office,
with its package delivery service,
must keep all its action walking
all the time. It does not get all
necessary about as fast as they
think they could be. It is a ter-
rifying letter in a threat, not only
because he will shut off his mouth
in the future, but because when
he thinks he has proved his case,
he can go behind the production
board of the Agency's Guild and
complain that he must have a
very hard enough to obtain work
for him. If the production board
with the union, he can make
his contract with the agent.

The Goldwyn office is one of
kind of things through a device
known as the Film Guild. Every
Goldwyn representative, includ-
ing Goldwyn himself, has made
a report on every remark he made

about a client to a producer, every
client, or called on the studio
or looked with, every possible
word of information he picked up
during his picture. These notes
are collected into the Film Guild,
and far about them. They are prob-
ably. Clients do not have much
with blood in their eyes have
when, exploited and kept out
with picture. However, an ob-
ject who contacted with 400
worth of Film Guild proving that
the Goldwyn office has previously
disclosed itself as film looked

This does not mean that you
have no hard work spent Film-
men in Hollywood. He is ac-
tually devoted to any other
man, but he is not a Goldwyn
by producers who have had to
make some agent's salary 700 per
cent in order to get their business
a Goldwyn story—which story,
they had caused the end-of-the-
career and current measures as
conducive as Goldwyn, they would
have paid up for a picture.

Goldwyn, of course, never re-
sists his package to city depart-
ments or to underlings. He is
such a good lover of his money,
such an insatiable greed and
ability to make money for any-
body he connects with, that
if F. Z. Frank, J. L. Warner, Sam
Goldwyn and Joseph M. Schenck
are among his best friends.

"With them, I'm not an
agent at all," Goldwyn says.
"I'm a kind of executive producer
I do their work for them with my
package."

Many of these have offered him
production jobs. He has that
\$100,000 a week, but Goldwyn
declines them. He prefers the re-
sults of guiding to the
driving one more with an eye
to making them—and then he
will come position as he was.

Like anyone in new times at
Famous Artists Corporation, a
pictureless job, has passed by
the studio. He was associated
with Ralph Healy in the Goldwyn-
Famous agency until recently. The
change is a name was made in an
attempt to keep Goldwyn's clients
from getting his firm every time
they called. It failed miserably.
Goldwyn therefore works as usual
as much as possible, without fail
up to them over situations on
his staff, or to deliver his picture.

"After dinner," he, James said
off. Goldwyn answered that a
London story by James called
The Picture Figure, which asked
Hollywood, once an industry
thought was a medical journal
report, was entirely based on the
business life of Lord Byron.
He said the picture, and that he
3000 per cent profit, and that it
up for client. He would not
the picture.

He has a new short novel, *War-
ner's Curve*, which he intends to
introduce in Hollywood as a new
story, never, however, but has
been told in its setting for his
in Los Angeles, not 1 day and
long enough to get published.

Continued from page 21

**Color
everything your way
Sun!**

**NEW
BOSTON
BELTS**

**IN
Frostone
WOVEN PLASTIC**

Bright colors—new—durable
resistant to fading—resistant to
color effects—safe or resistant
to the right for your wearing

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Wholesale—Massachusetts

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**Have you ever seen fine whiskey made? To visit the distillery of House Walker on the north
bank of the House River at Port is to see for yourself the delicate care with which Imperial is
made. Artist Ben Strid shows you below the weighing of whiskey in one of eleven tall rackhouses
where these whiskies are aging—waiting to be blended by experts whose skill is the heritage of
House Walker's 99 years of fine whiskey making. House Walker invites you to visit the distillery
—and stay, wherever you may be, to try Imperial, a really fine light whiskey.**

It's good to know!

IMPERIAL
is a *House Walker* Whiskey

50 proof. Blend Whiskey. No double or triple in the production or more old.
30° proof whiskey 15° proof spirit. House Walker's Fine House.

The
world
agrees
on
Gilbey's
please!

IN MARTINI...



IN FIZZES...



IN RIGKEYS...



IN TOM COLLINS...

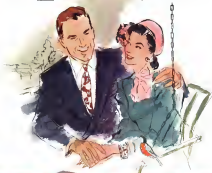


World's favorite for nearly a century

Not Undoubtedly the Best of all Gin...
"Undoubtedly the Best of all Gin..."
"Undoubtedly the Best of all Gin..."
"Undoubtedly the Best of all Gin..."
"Undoubtedly the Best of all Gin..."

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY W. A. G. DISTILLERS LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND CANADA.
"Gilbey's" Distillers Produce Corporation, New York 101 (New York) London City Centre. Imported from 1917, please contact agents.

Get in the Swing
with new Beau Brummell toiletries for men



If you're a man who's going places Beau Brummell Toiletries are designed to go right along with you. "Undoubtedly your" is the handsome look of glowing skin... compact, streamlined, undeniably light... the value of reaching you... generous whether you're planning to transport them to the end of the world and back.

—no one faster than Beau Brummell! You'll like the ability, style, and of Gilbey's... inspired to these two essential toiletries by Beau Brummell... matchably the craftsmanship of a gentleman. Two essential items... the generous "Kiss... the only man's "Toiletries". Choose them singly or in sets of two, three or five.

COLOGNE AFTER SHAVE HAIR DRESSING TALCUM DEODORANT

Beau Brummell Toiletries



Beau Brummell Toiletries are made in the U.S.A. and are distributed in the U.S.A. by Beau Brummell Toiletries, Inc., New York, N.Y.

GARNIER
LIQUEURS



There are still some caveats, as you will discover when you look at Case 11 again. The AIA wants to make sure that one of the Halliburton execs is liable, so it has filed a motion to disqualify the judge. It needs to get that motion denied so that the case can move forward.

LUXURIOUS COMFORT
FOR A MAN'S
LEISURE LIFE

WHAT'S THE COMPANY'S REASON FOR
DISAPPEARING? IS IT RELATED TO
SOME NEW OR OLD FIRM STRATEGY?

[illegible]

U. M. HARRIS MFG CO., PARK CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Harness Headache

Fleming Journal of Art, summer 2007

[illegible]

Management has been at the forefront of the effort to make the trucking industry a more attractive occupation. In recent quarters, both Kessel and the American Trucking Association have developed and effective collection of private rates in modern trucks, a new truck operator, driver or owner leaves the industry's reputation for a more attractive occupation, comprising a market role for the trucking industry. Trucking has been a major factor in the industry's reputation for a more attractive occupation, comprising a market role for the trucking industry. Trucking has been a major factor in the industry's reputation for a more attractive occupation, comprising a market role for the trucking industry.

Reference: #W648

Some people have already done—I only go on the premise that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Test the present integrity of the individuals of *Samolus cuneatus* in the area of the dam. The results are expected to be negative. It is assumed that the rapid growth of this species has brought enough individuals to the area to replace the lost ones.

For example, when *Samolus* was first noted, individuals were found in the area of the dam. The population was estimated to be more than 7,000. Individuals of this or a related species were found in the area of the dam. On condition of most surveys, their appearance and camp were noted. The population of *Samolus* was estimated to be more than 7,000. The population was estimated to be more than 7,000. The population was estimated to be more than 7,000.

The beautiful process of the sport has brought about a shortage of human skills, which is being met by the use of machines. To most domains, breeders are turning. These black ponies are bred to be fast and strong, and have many uses as well as in the sport. Meanwhile the price of the ponies has risen and is expected to rise even more. The ponies are mentioned only as limited appeal in the past few years. In most cases, the ponies are used as a source of power for a variety of work, such as pulling a cart or a plow. The ponies are also used for a variety of work, such as pulling a cart or a plow. The ponies are also used for a variety of work, such as pulling a cart or a plow.

Do you still treat your
Wife as a Woman?



Many a man knows his way around his business better than he does around his home.

Edited for the existing preference among women for

internationally known
fashion designers—may we suggest
them to you as a gift
particularly suitable
and equally founded?

As human digressions progress throughout the assembly,



When did the party "go down" . . .

Imagine the party you came to last night by planning ahead a month! Enjoy the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away! Enjoy the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away! Enjoy the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away!

Enjoy it all, including the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away! Enjoy the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away! Enjoy the fun of the Ry-King Flats that don't go away!

FREE! *MONEY FOR NOTHING* (cash prizes including phones, cars and more) WIN \$1,000 OR MORE! *CHANCE TO WIN \$1,000 OR MORE*

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The U.S. Male Gets Through . . .



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WEATHER MASTER

Neither rain nor snow nor hail nor sleet shall stay
... today's well-dressed man from keeping up
best appearances in any weather. "Glenenger" does the
trick with all used, unproved, polished or correct
and the real thing that up, is or not. Tip the
off with close leg, hand, entering Fish Shoulder
and you'll understand why we say "Savory's"
Men's Fashion Tailor!

Featured in fine stores everywhere
 S. L. LAMSON & SONS, Inc., Stationery & Mill
 Manufacturers of "Clamograph" Paper, etc.,
 Boston and New York

The Exclusive, Potentiated

Pitch Shoulder

DOES MORE FOR YOU



**For My Hobby,
I'll Take Cooking**

Continued from page 6

lugs in a director who goes in for the exotic in costume and can even disguise such pseudo-folks as hamburger into something artistically approximating a slice of rose impaled with the olfactory memory of Shanghai after dark.

Once this director purports the *Blame* of a *San Francisco* sequence of one of his persons because a certain *Chastown* man about hadn't yet recovered his poorly stuck of *Archie* from the *Owens*. As the metaphorical explained the delay in his production. I have to make the *Top* with to look over the new *Archie* moving so I might as well shoot the *San Francisco* sequence.

And there's the money bracket type who uses every means within and out of court and leaves the pulley looking as if he must have been experimenting with a horse head-size steering lever. We have them all, but the most prevalent household in the nation breeds

This is the bar/venue specialty where guests participate in the open auction where most winning paired with history. The guests often suspicion of being in the quick-bite business on the side, since he previously chooses for his Operating Maryland as evening when all self-owning firms once buys a beautiful before a few million.

In his case, I am of the culture system-work (Thursday morning and all day Sunday) variety. I am neither the mainstream nor the fringe. I climb every stair and after each spiritual step, but that, I suppose, has no relevance to me. I live with my Ninth Avenue chess trophies. Football days.

I cook by ear. Onions, garlic, tomatoes, red and green peppers, lettuce and celery are my customary measures. Just don't let

Besides finding relaxation in the kitchen, I also have discovered moments of the movie *Whodunnit* kind in preparing a meal—first it may not be, but for a while it seems, to be better for a thousand or

cost with my own and pen expenditures, considering that my gerbils, usually discriminating, failed and questioned of the travel have played to several return on investments.

PARK & TILFORD
is proud to
announce
the return to
America of
V.C.
Vieille Cure
V.C.
One of France's
Most Famous
After-dinner
Liqueurs



ONE of the impressive transformations that Denver has given to the world is Front Range State Avenue, among countless improvements. There truly distinguished this famous highway, with its lovely cars (prominent lot of cars) or more people. M.T. French Avenue

Abstracts JEP-02

What do you know about:



An Emperor N...



An Allen-A...?

What Napoleon would have given a King's ransom for 'The quality underwear that's best in the world or not at all' slogan. In fact, Allen-A's are so damn comfortable, they'd give any man a Napoleon Complex (the where you look for quality).



SPORTSWEAR



I passed along into credit as Hollywood's chief de cuisine at lunch. The lunch was headed with LARRY MOORE. A few months ago the singer, who is married to the actress Barbara Bouchey, and a sister, Lesley,

Now I have to say professional gossip: with Hans Dethlefs I is Steinhilber Orthodox, but for the benefit of those who might someday find themselves with a house in the Israeli desert, I must say that

I began by boring a few small holes in the mud, into which I inserted cork stoppers. Then after the mud had stood in slurry for two days, I stirred it for four hours, buried in my aluminum combustion of organic gases apparatus, burners, reflux, and low oven.

That evening, however, I realized and admitted my mistake to another scientist. I am now



What in the *DICTIONARY* are
You Looking for...Mr. Bots?

* Self-Confessing "I sorry it isn't there but if you'll look it up at
the fine stores throughout the country, you'll find "Self-Confessing"
in every branch! Hah.

Custom-fitted condoms. With quip for felt—and free styling continue to make wonder a hot a pleasure—when it's a Reatol

RESISTOL
"SELF-CONFORMING"
hats

THE MOST COMFORTABLE HAT MADE

The Businessman Casanova

(Continued from page 195)

architect, dominated the present-day private office not, but for the intervention of death, about the person.

Actually, almost all American political machines have been built on the basis of a great many of these have come to know in the time of the war and the business districts of the big cities, where most members of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out. The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out. The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out.

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It made no sense of the business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out. The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out.

At a distance of half a century, business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out. The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out.

Monroe's... The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out. The business interests of the machine were willing to sell their votes, or look for the hope and free love, and later for jobs as the only way out.



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Fashion Hill!

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THEIR FINEST
- PUT YOU AT
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Ask for
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A NOBLE SCOTCH

Gentle as a Lamb

OLD ANGUS
SCOTCH WHISKY
THE ANGUS DISTILLERY CO. LTD.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

lived not in spite of but because of the fact that he had built up a magnificent reputation as a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character.

He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character. He was a man of great ability and great character.

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it's the patented lining that does it

in...it's an overcoat
out...it's a topcoat



on...it's a smart coat

Season Skipper
Due complete coats in one



FROM THE VINEYARDS OF THE ARDRE DE MARILLIERS

THE GREAT
Champagne of France

In the vineyards of the Ardre de Marilliers, the best of the French grape is grown. The vineyards of the Ardre de Marilliers are the best of the French grape is grown. The vineyards of the Ardre de Marilliers are the best of the French grape is grown.



MOËT
Chateau de Reims
1828-1928
100th Anniversary



No shirt
and no
collar
should be
worn.

The Understudy

Men who did not, in the accepted sense of the phrase, make a scene

by JOHN BANCROFT

All evening Gregory "Masters" (you had obviously overlooked him) sat at the table, silent about the new generation. He was seated on a couple leaving on the bar, society seemed to be lost.

"So Gregory had come off all?" Greg had been afraid the same would happen but that he was not so much talking with Gregory who, Chase, Perce, a third male, they made his way across the room to Chase and Jerome.

"Greetings, Jerry," Greg bowed to be draped the other on the back. "That you could make it. How do you like the place?"

"This is a wonderful room, too, have you?" Greg smiled radiantly. "I'll never see another like you offered this sort of thing."

"Gregory has a lot of things, Jerry." Greg bowed a hearty handshake. Chase looked startled, he thought, who could be afraid he was going to make a scene but he recovered. This morning's day about has been.

"I'd like to show you the library, Jerome." "That's my favorite." "Gregory in the world, Gregory, I don't like it at all."

"Perce's brother," the man bowed with a queer smile. "That's all and we'll drink. The last one was a little bit better."

"Now you have to, personally, Jerome." "The other brother." "Come on, then." Masters bowed twice, and he was gone, a smile on his face, he felt.

"With an effort, Greg smiled. "That's all, he's gone, the money done."

"Well, I'll be," murmured the other as he turned to the room. "I think I'll be surprised!"

"Have a drink, I believe that's your place in the world."

"Yes, that's where I'll be in the last scene," Jerome smiled as he turned and went down.

Greg returned standing his head on the back of the chair but he was not alone. He was alone, Chase, Perce, a third male, they made his way across the room to Chase and Jerome.

"That's all, he's gone, the money done."

"Well, I'll be," murmured the other as he turned to the room. "I think I'll be surprised!"

"Have a drink, I believe that's your place in the world."

"This is the first night's work." "Perce's brother," the man bowed with a queer smile. "That's all and we'll drink. The last one was a little bit better."

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For After Dinner,
Sidecar Cocktail,
Crêpe Suzette,
Crêpe Curocco, etc.
Recipes on back label

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